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THE SPEECH OF *FRANCIS LOVELACE*, Esquire, Recorder of the City of CANTERBVRY, To His Majestie, King CHARLES THE SECOND.

Upon his Arrivall to

KENT,

And coming to *CANTERBVRY* that day he landed, being the 25th day of *May*, 1660. and in the twelfth year of his Reign over *England*, &c.

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THE SPEECH OF

Francis Lovelace, Esq; Recorder of the City of *CANTERBURY*, to his Majestie King *CHARLES* the Second, *&c.*

MAy it please your most Excellent Majestie; Your loyal Subjects, the Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty of this your City of *Canterbury*, by me present their hearty & sincere gratulations and Thanks to God for your Majesties happy Arrivall to this your Kingdom of *England*, and in that for your access to this Citie. This Citie of *Canterbury* (though much decayed) was sometimes the Metropolitan City of this Kingdom, and had in it one of the faireſt and most resplendent Cathedrall

Churches, that for its beauty and ſtructure might have been compared to any Church in *Europe*: It was endowed with great and plentifull Revenues; It was ſupplyed with Grave, Learned, Orthodox Divines; but all are gone and taken from her, and her Fabrick ruined and almoſt demoliſhed, and the City impoveriſhed, waſted, and defaced, and her Gates of late torn from her Walls, and cut in pieces. This your Kingdome of *England* is, and alwayes was a Monarchy ſucceſſive by inherent Birth-right, governed by Ancient known Lawes that have been refined and perfected by the wiſeſt of men in all former Succeſſions of Ages, and proved and approved by continuall experience to be good and profitable for this Nation; wherein Kings and Queens, your Majeſties Royall Progenitors, and their Subjects have flouriſhed in peace and plenty: But in theſe later times, during your Majeſties unhappy Abſence, her Lawes have been over-grown and choaked up with weeds, and her government uſurped by bold ambitious ſelf-ſeeking men, who like Beaſts have made a prey of your moſt

Loyal

Loyal Subjects, and trodden down and trampled our Lawes, Liberties, and Properties under foot, and exerciſed Tyranny, Oppreſſions, and all manner of Cruelties, Things that our Lawes never knew, never owned: And what hath been worſe to us, and came neereſt our hearts, have too too long debarred us of the enjoyment of your moſt Sacred Majeſtie.

But *Magna eſt veritas & prævalens*; Truth though ſhe may be impugned, yet will ſhe of her ſelf ever prevail in the end, & flouriſh like a Palm Tree. She may for a time be trodden down, but ſhe can never be trodden out. The Laws of *England* are *Iura Coronæ*, *Iura Regis* and though they have of late been trodden down, they are not trodden out. Your Majeſties juſt rights hath been prevalent to reſtore you to your own who like the ſun in the Firmament, with thoſe glorious Starrs your now Parliament and his Excellencie the Lord General *Monck*, have diſperſed and diſſipated all thoſe black Clouds, and will cauſe our Laws again to bud out, ſpring up, and flouriſh more then ever. And now moſt gracious Sove-

veraign that it hath pleaſed the great God of Heaven & Earth, the King of Kings, out of his great goodneſs to preſerve your Majeſtie, and out of his infinite Wiſdom & providence to reſtore you to the actual poſſeſſion of your moſt undoubted Birth-Right & Inheritance, & to vouchſafe to us your Subjects this, the greateſt bleſſing this World can afford, to enjoy your Majeſtie, and to ſee your face here, which like the Sun ariſing in the Eaſt hath enlightned & enlarged our Hearts with Joy and gladneſs: May your Matie enjoy all your Rights and prerogatives: May all the people of this Land render to your Majeſtie all loyaltie, faithfulneſs, love, and allegiance, and may the Scepter and the ſword never depart from your Majeſtie and your Royal familie; that Common peace may once more be ſettled and ſtated in all your Kingdoms and Dominions in a calm and quiet order, like harmony in Muſick where all the ſtrings of an Inſtrument give ſeverall ſounds and yet are all in one Tune. This peace, this tranquillity of Order, this harmony of hearts and minds, may they ever be and continue under your Majeſtie. And may your Majeſtie

jeſtie long live and raign over us in all Felicity, Health and Tranquillity. Theſe good wiſhes together with this ſmall preſent of Gold (their Mite) are all the offerings this poor City is able to preſent; which bare eſſays of love and duty, may your Majeſtie be graciouſly pleaſed to honour with acceptance, and in the largeneſs of your royal breſt to conceive and be aſſured, that this City and her inhabitants do bear a great deale more of loyal duty, faithfulneſs, love, and affection towards your Majeſtie in their hearts and minds then they are able to expreſs, or I in words to declare.

God bleſs and preſerve King
CHARLES the Second.